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Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

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[Continued from page 3.]

The *Thematic Catalogue of all the published Works of Ludwig van Beethoven* (Leipsic, 1851), if somewhat attentively examined, will alone be sufficient to convey an idea of the extent of a collective edition, as well as of the manifold difficulties to be overcome. Of a truth, the task of carrying out such an edition requires means and vigor, no less than prudence and strength of will, in no ordinary degree. In November, 1861, when the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel issued the advertisement and prospectus of the first complete edition, authorized everywhere, of the works of Ludwig van Beethoven, the public were justified in expecting a publication in every respect well-prepared and promising to prove a certain success; at present, when after the lapse of fully two years, nearly the whole of the toilsome journey has been performed, a somewhat more minute examination of what was promised and what has been effected enables us to see clearly the highly gratifying results which have been obtained, by means of this edition, for the musical public.

That this edition is one which can be distinguished as "authorized everywhere," is a fact that may be regarded as one which concerns the publisher more than it interests the public. The latter do not generally inquire into the former's right, because they consider themselves justified in assuming it as a matter of course; but however confused people's ideas may be about the system of piracy—which, in the case of music at the present day we hear actually extolled as a patriotic and meritorious act, as it once was in the case of books—it yet will be satisfactory to every person not to have his interest in a grand and important enterprise diminished by any doubts as to the just basis of it. The difficulties—and it is but fair that we should take this into consideration—were, it is true, considerably increased by the fact that, in the first instance, an agreement had to be concluded with a large number of publishers. Even a person not intimately acquainted with the wonderfully intricate circumstances connected with the publishing laws, and not aware how, at various times and in various places, they have become rather more complicated than the contrary, need only cast a glance over the numerous publishers of Beethoven's works, as exhibited in the *Thematic Catalogue*, to perceive that it is frequently a matter of difficulty to know where the right of publication really exists. It certainly needed no slight amount of investigation and negotiation, as well as a great deal of accommodating spirit, to satisfy all claims, and we have reason to rejoice that it has been possible—and it is especially difficult to do such a thing in Germany—to obtain for a great enterprise of general interest, not to be carried out without compromise, the adhesion of so many individuals concerned, each of them exercising sovereign power in his own sphere.

The question of *completeness* is naturally of the greatest importance. Appended to the prospectus is a list of those compositions which, having been already published, are available for, and will accordingly be included in the new edition. This list displays in four-and-twenty series a stately row of two hundred and sixty pieces, some of considerable importance. Whatever is to be added in the way of unpublished works is, at present, a matter for more searching investigation and for negotiation. One thing, however, may be asserted with all certainty, namely, that all Beethoven's unpublished compositions put toge-

ther constitute but a small number compared to those already known, and moreover, that among them there are only a few of such importance for their publication possibly to add any essentially new and original traits to the already complete picture of the great master. That this is the reverse to what is the case with the old masters, whose unpublished works greatly predominate over their published, is a fact that ought not to astonish us. It was a consequence of Beethoven's nature as an artist as well as of his position that, on the one hand, he did not write as much as they did, and it resulted, on the other, as a matter of course, from his position towards the public and the extension given to the music-trade, that whatever he did write was at once engraved. It may, indeed, be asserted without hesitation that the compositions which distinguish Beethoven as a composer, and form the basis of his position with the public, were given to the world during his lifetime.

The most important of Beethoven's yet unpublished works, and one which has justly been included in the catalogue ascertain to appear with the published ones, is *Ungarns erster Wohltäter*, *Hungary's first Benefactor* (King Stephen), an introductory piece, with chorus, by Kotzebue. It was produced, with *Die Ruinen von Athen*, at the opening of the new theatre in Pesth, on the 9th February, 1812. The overture alone subsequently became known; the beautiful choruses, several of which were for male voices, and a long and interesting melo-dramatic scene, afford fresh proofs of Beethoven's mastery in dramatic characterization, by means of especially original dramatic coloring, a mastery so astoundingly prominent in *Die Ruinen von Athen* also. In the autumn of 1822, when the music to *Die Ruinen von Athen* was performed with new words, by C. Meisl, at the inauguration of the Theatre in the Josephstadt, Beethoven composed, in addition to an overture, which was printed at the time, and has since become very well-known (Op. 124), a grand "Chorus with Ballet," never published. Another chorus, too, "Ihr weisen Gründer," composed in the autumn of 1814, for a patriotic drama, has never been published.

There exists also, for orchestra, a fine "Interlude," in the style of a march, very characteristically treated, and evidently intended for some particular piece, perhaps Kussner's tragedy of *Tarpeia*, for which Beethoven composed the "Triumphant March," already engraved.

There are a number of dances and marches, most of the last composed on various occasions, in Baden, at the request of the Arch-Duke Anton; but they are of little importance.

Very remarkable, however, are three pieces composed for a patriotic drama, *Leonore Prohaska*, laid in the time of the War of Deliverance. They consist of a chorus of soldiers, a romance, and a melo-drama with harmonica accompaniment, unfortunately, like the rest, extremely short.

Of little importance, on the other hand, are certain occasional pieces: a "Marriage Song" for Gianastasio del Rio, of January, 1819, and, of an earlier date, a very merry "Italian Cantata," with pianoforte accompaniment, for the birthday of his doctor, Malfatti, as well as a "Farewell Cantata," for three male voices, in honor of a friend, Herr Tuscher, a *Magistratsrat*. Their publication would simply prove, what is already so well known, that Beethoven was not happy as a writer of occasional pieces, in so far as the mere absolute occasion did not suffice either to inspire him, or render his task an easy one. It is worthy of notice that for these pieces, not very edifying either in purport, form or extent, he put down a mass of plans and sketches, just as for his great works. On the other hand, it is character-

istic that the beautiful and deeply feeling "Elegischer Gesang" (Op. 118), in honor of the "transfigured wife of his respected friend, Pasqualati," was written at the same time, the year 1814, as the above occasional pieces, from which it differs, however, so much because when Beethoven composed it his heart was in his work.

Belonging to a somewhat later period is another series of short compositions, which, also, are interesting. The revival of *Fidelio*, in the year 1814, once more excited Beethoven's inclination to write operas. It is an error to suppose that the unfavorable reception of his first opera had so annoyed him that he had definitely renounced working for the stage. On the contrary, very soon afterwards, as well as still later, he drew out, on several occasions, more or less serious plans for operas, the subject for the libretto being settled more than once. At first, Treitschke's *Romulus* was to come next to *Fidelio*, but, in the meanwhile, Beethoven conceived the notion of writing an Italian opera. To prepare for the task, he determined to begin by rendering himself thoroughly acquainted with the spirit and manner of Italian poetry and music, and by going through a course of training, which should teach him how to restrict his style to the most innocent simplicity of musical expression, and to what might easily be sung. For this purpose, he borrowed on the 26th July, 1814, Metastasio's Works, and set a series of that author's graceful strophes, as they struck him in perusal, for two, three, or four voices, without accompaniment. Most of them he set several times. These little songs, which are concise in form, and of which a considerable number were thrown off, display a pervading plainness and simplicity of which we could hardly have believed Beethoven capable; we should, too, despite many original and charming turns occurring in these same songs, which are based more especially on pleasing melody, have some difficulty in recognizing Beethoven. But it is this very fact that endows them with a peculiar interest. Belonging to this period is, also, the grand Trio "Tremate" (Op. 116), not performed in public until the year 1824. This Trio, grandly planned and carried out, produces, it is true, a very different impression to the Canzonets mentioned above, but, if we place it side by side with the aria: "Ah, Perfido," composed in the year 1796, we shall feel the difference between the time when Beethoven, in all good faith, employed Italian forms as the natural vehicle of expression for definite passions, and that when he used them as artistic means for bringing about certain effects.

Two grand Italian vocal pieces, one, an air: "Primo amore piacer del ciel," and a duet: "Nei giorni tuoi felici," of the existence of which we have certain testimony, have been mislaid, and, up to now, not discovered again.

Beethoven, as is well known, was induced by Thomson to arrange Scotch and Irish melodies with accompaniment for pianoforte, violin and violoncello. He took so much interest in the task that he displayed great zeal in arranging the national melodies of other countries also in the same manner. Of these only a comparatively small number have been published, either in England or Germany: but more than 150 of them thus arranged have been collected through the instrumentality of Herr Franz Espagne, who traced them out with great industry.

We have now, probably, given a complete enumeration of all Beethoven's published compositions, belonging to the period of his maturity, when he was that Beethoven whom the whole world knows and appreciates; how few are there still left for the gleaners, in comparison to those we possess! There is, moreover, a number, also

not very great, of youthful works by Beethoven, before he had reached his prime, and which, for reasons easily understood, have never been engraved.

In a little note book, used by Beethoven on his journey from Bonn to Vienna, as well as in that capital during the next few years, there is the following touching entry in his hand:—

"Courage! despite of all bodily infirmities, my mind shall reign supreme!—Five-and-twenty years are reached; this year must decide the complete man."

And this year did decide; with the Trios, published in 1795, the complete man stood before the world, the man who, during the whole of his artistic career, proved that his mind reigned supreme over all the infirmities of his body. So perfect does the composer appear in this Opus I., with such certainty does he proceed, his own way, with each new work, that we entirely lose sight of the question how he became what he was. That it was not till the age of five-and-twenty that Beethoven first appeared in the character of a composer, and that, in Bonn and Vienna, he must have studied much and made many essays, is a circumstance which, seemingly, has not, as a rule, been taken into consideration; at any rate, it is a striking fact, that, in the case of such an artist above all others, youthful works and the development of the composer's powers have formed the subject of so little research.

Such youthful works certainly exist. Three Sonatas for Pianoforte, with an affected dedication to the Elector Maximilian Friedrich, a dedication subsequently highly distasteful to Beethoven, were published in 1786; there appeared at the same time, also, Variations on a march by Dressler, and, in Bossler's *Anthology*, small Rondo for Pianoforte, as well as a Song. There were subsequently printed, having been found among the papers he left, three Quartets for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, composed as far back as the year 1785; a Sonata and Variations, written for his fair youthful friend at Bonn, Eleonore von Breuning; while among the first Songs published by himself, there are some few that date from the time of his residence in that town. Have these works, which, of course, all find a place in the collective edition, weakened, perhaps, the interest for his early productions? This would not be really astonishing, for we scarcely find in them, even here and there, signs of the later Beethoven. They rather create astonishment that such great things could have followed such beginnings, than enable us to perceive the germs from which those great things could be developed.

But many other youthful productions, of various kinds, some dating from Bonn, and some from the first Vienna period, exist in manuscript. Among them is a complete orchestral score of a *Knight's Ballet* (*Ritterballet*), containing a march, German vocal pieces, a Hunting Song, a Love Song, a Drinking Song, and a German Dance, composed probably by Beethoven in honor of his great patron, Count Waldstein, who, on the 17th June, 1788, "was dubbed a knight of the German Order, with the usual solemnities, by the Elector of Cologne, as Grand and German Master," and who, then in Bonn, was believed to be the composer of the ballet. There is, moreover, a bass air from *Claudine von Villabella*, "Mit Mädeln sich vertragen," composed, probably, as an interpolated piece, in full score. In later years, Beethoven was not disinclined to publish this air, as well as, it appears, Metastasio's cantata; *La Tempesta*, which he had composed, in the form of a regular *scena* and aria for soprano with a quartet accompaniment, as an exercise, probably under Salieri's direction, and the score of which is also in existence. In addition to several songs, there are some few curiosities, such, for instance, as a "two-part Fugue, composed by Ludwig van Beethoven at the age of eleven;" a Sonata for Mandoline; a duet for Two Flutes; a Duet for Tenor and Violoncello, with the facetious heading: "Duet with two *obbligato* eye-glasses;" a Sonata for the Piano-forte and Flute; a Romance for the Pianoforte, Flute, and Bassoon; Variations for two Oboes and the English Horn, on "La ci

darem la Mano," and several other pieces. Then there is a tolerably large number of sketches, rough plans, and uncompleted fragments of an early period, some of them more interesting, and instructive than the completed works of his youth, but, as a matter of course, not at all adapted for publication in a collective edition.

How much of these youthful productions, completed, it is true, but never published, should be included in an edition of his collected works is a question on which opinions will differ. There will not be wanting persons who would desire to exclude everything not belonging to the mature master, everything, at least, which might lower his reputation among the uninitiated, or obscure that picture of him which is present to us all. On the other side, some will insist on the greatest possible completeness of all that was written and preserved by Beethoven, and in addition to the satisfaction of our aesthetic feelings by rich and perfect creations, desire to see satisfied our historical interest for such works as are calculated, at least in some degree, to characterize the progress and improvement of his powers. Practically, it will, in all probability, not be possible to avoid a compromise, if only because it is a question whether all the youthful productions known to exist can be obtained for publication. At all events, it is an advantage for the undertaking, that, supposing it possible and practicable to incorporate every hitherto unpublished piece in the new edition, the number of such pieces is not so considerable, in comparison to those already printed, as sensibly to impede the task of carrying out the whole; on the other hand, if it be necessary for the publishers to limit themselves to a moderate selection from the unprinted works, it is an advantage that the artistically historical importance of the new edition as a collective edition cannot be called into question by such a course. This is the case, because apart from works, mentioned above, which must not be omitted from a collective edition, if only out of respect for the name of the great master, because they date from the time when he was exercising his full powers, the rest will satisfy our just curiosity chiefly by the fact that they may be inspected, though they do not afford any explanation we may desire of serious questions concerning the gradual development of the composer's mind.

Apart from the music to *König Stephan*, and the hitherto unpublished Cadences which Beethoven himself added to his pianoforte Concertos, and which are now printed as an appendix to them, the published works will, as a matter of course, appear in unconditional completeness. The list accompanying the prospectus will scarcely suffer any sensible augmentation or rectification, even should zealous collectors find much that is rare and new, though of course not in the way of great works. It is seldom there can be a question of the genuineness of what should be received into the new edition; Beethoven's strongly marked individuality afford us so well defined a standard, that no attempt to introduce anything spurious would have a chance of success. Two or three trifles, published under Beethoven's name, but without either internal or external evidence of their authenticity, and not generally acknowledged or extensively circulated, have, therefore, not found a place in the new edition.

The Arrangements are, perhaps, the only compositions offering any difficulties. Of course, I do not mean those, which, as piano-forte selections or arrangements for four hands, are intended to adapt to the executive capacity of amateurs music they could not otherwise perform, but those which, from being thoroughly recast to suit different instruments from those for which they were at first written, lay claim to be original, or, at least, independent compositions, and which, therefore, if authentic, can emanate from the composer alone. Beethoven energetically protested, on repeated occasions, against what may be assumed to be the wilful deception of offering arrangements, by no matter whom, of his compositions as original works, and none such have any right to be included in a collective edition of what he wrote. But Beethoven himself was the author of some arrangements of the kind; fol-

lowing the example set by Mozart, out of an Octet for Wind-Instruments (Op. 103), subsequently published by him as such, he formed and published a Quintet for Stringed instruments (Op. 4); he arranged his Second Symphony (Op. 36) and likewise the well-known Septet (Op. 20) as a Pianoforte Trio, (Op. 38), considering the last good enough to be dedicated to his medical man, Schmid, after a serious illness; he worked up into a Pianoforte Quartet the Quintet for Pianoforte and Wind Instruments (Op. 16), and into a Quartet for Stringed Instruments a Pianoforte Sonata. He re-wrote, moreover, his Violin Concerto as a Pianoforte Concerto. Such of these versions as can be proved, beyond a doubt, to have emanated from Beethoven have a right to a place among his collected works, and many of them justify this by an original interest of their own. But on this point there are still doubts; it is not proved that we really possess all the arrangements notoriously written by Beethoven himself, nor has it been determined, with perfect certainty, how far those which we do possess are really authentic.

(To be Continued.)

Spoehr's Autobiography.

[From the Orchestra.]

The greater portion of this work is a reprint of concert bills, puffs in the newspapers, descriptions of places written in imitation of Murray's *Hand-books*. It professes to be the life of a man who spent his days in the orchestra. He had a happy time of it, for in the closing scene he says "he had enjoyed to exhaustion all that life could give; his music was more loved and esteemed than he ever hoped for, and now he wished to die, as he could no longer be doing." His ruling passion through life was that of a wife who could accompany a *pot-pourri* for the violin, and admire her husband's compositions. At the age of 22 he marries such a woman, who after passing nearly 30 years in incessant hard work as wife, mother, governess, harpist, pianist, passes away, and is succeeded by another, "with whom," says Spoehr, "I felt unspeakably happy, and lived again in my accustomed domestic manner, for she took the same lively interest in my works as my departed wife had done." But she was a better player, and suggested "many new things in piano accompaniment, which I had not previously known." He had a weakness for playing duets: liked being described in the plural as "the artist couple," and conducts "my Lord's Prayer," led to the orchestra treading on roses, decorated with laurel, and a huge plaster of Paris bust before him "crowned with laurel, and on which were the words 'LOUIS SPOEHR' in gigantic letters composed of roses and laurel artistically interwoven." A strong contrast to this is the "miser et pauper sum," and the "comedia finita est" of Beethoven. But then Spoehr could record that Neukomm's choruses were fine, and that he was greatly gratified by the Chevalier's fugues; the "Sacred Psalmody" of Westminster Abbey was "like the voices of angels from the realms of bliss," a psalmody only exceeded on earth by the "heavenly music" variously interspersed in the service of the Norwich Cathedral, where the choir, robed in white, with their tender tones made an irresistible impression," and where he heard "music and execution so perfect" that "I could scarcely imagine a finer worship of the Deity in heaven itself." And then follows an account of how Spoehr and his wife passed through the spacious house, "the masses of people arrayed on either side to permit their passage looking at Spoehr as something wonderful."

Beethoven, it may be surmised, did not like Spoehr's music; he heard the "Faust," supped with the composer, but not a word could be got out of him about "Faust" or Spoehr as composer. Spoehr in return did not altogether like Beethoven. The Symphony in C minor was not a "classical whole," its first theme "wanting in dignity," the *adagio* "wearisome," the *trio* "much too rough," the concluding movement "unmeaning noise." Beethoven's 9th symphony Spoehr could not "relish." The first three themes are "worse than all the eight previous symphonies," the fourth theme "monstrous and tasteless," "trivial beyond conception." In fact Beethoven "was wanting in *esthetical* feeling and in a *sense of the beautiful*." For a long time the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart was a failure with Louis Spoehr; the four themes of the finale could not be heard by even a practised ear. But in this he lived "to be convinced of his error." Spoehr is enchanted however with Richard Wagner. "The Flying Dutchman" is an opera writ-

ten "with true inspiration," "a great deal of the fanciful," "a noble conception," good for singing" and "full of new effects." "Wagner," he says, "is the most gifted of all our dramatic composers of the present time." "His aspirations are noble." Of the "Tannhäuser" Spohr writes, "there is much that is new and beautiful in the opera, but much that is distressing to the ear," and at times a "downright horrifying noise." He confesses however to have become reconciled to "unnatural modulations," and moralizing on this fact observes, "It is astonishing what the human ear will by degrees become accustomed to." Relishing "The Flying Dutchman," and disapproving of the 9th Symphony of Beethoven is a singular state of mind for a musician; but what may not be expected from a man who described the choir in Westminster Abbey as "the heavenly music of angels," and the dissenting service in Norwich Cathedral as equal to "the worship of the Deity in heaven itself?" Brunswick must be a strange place, Cassel one still more strange, and Protestant music among the Germans a marvel. Although delighted with the chants and choruses in Norwich Cathedral, Spohr "was not altogether quite pleased" with Mendelssohn's "Paul." "It was too much in the style of Handel." He forgot his first oratorio, which he confesses contained huge slices out of the "Creation" and the "Zauberflöte." The courtly Jew paid off the huge Brunswicker. He professed himself delighted with Spohr's new "Potpourri," and its *staccato* passage: "Play it again, my dear Spohr," "Begin it once more." "Let us have another repeat;" then turning to his sister, says, "See, this is the famous Spohrish *staccato*; no violinist can play this like him." And in this way Louis Spohr forgot his disappointment in the "St. Paul," and made himself happy in *encores* of his "Potpourri" in E major, and Mendelssohn's eyes flashed, and the corners of his mouth quivered, and he did not pull out his handkerchief, nor did he gnaw it or swallow it, seeing that he was trotting out this harmonical Leviathan of humanity in one of what the composer terms "his humoristic passages."

Spohr commands Cherubini, who still had his defects. The *Pater noster* has a finale which is absolutely profane. His masses exhibit bad example, and a theatrical style; such music cannot be enjoyed without forgetfulness of place, scene and subject. The style is "extremely digressive and annoying." In return, Cherubini says to Spohr, "Your music in its form and style is so new to me that I cannot follow it properly," nor would he hear a second quartet before he had heard the first three times. He did the same with the second quartet, which, however, he liked better, remarking of the *adagio*, "it is the finest I ever heard." The Viennese critics were not so patient or urbane. Mosel, reviewing Spohr's Quartet in G, remarked: "this eternal re-chewing of the theme in every voice and key is to me just as if one had given an order to a stupid servant that he cannot understand, and which one is obliged to repeat to him again and again in every possible shape of expression. The composer appears to have considered his auditors in the same light as the stupid servant." Spohr had himself written and published, and Spohr retorted, "prodigal in side thrusts at "Salem," and the censorship had to forbid the editor any further discussions on the "Quartet" and "Salem."

We must now say a few words of Spohr as a musician. Spohr was a composer, rather than a *creator* of music. Early in life he wrote music, to play it, and it was so much large finger music. Always conducting his orchestra, his music was original only in mechanism. Always at home in the bosom of his family, an honest German Protestant, his music has one strong color. It has been called melancholy, Spohr thought it not only lively, but humorous. He began too late in his church music, and had no recollections of childhood to help him in this school. He was never more than a concert musician.

Who taught Spohr? He commenced as a boy to learn the Violin of Defour, a Frenchman, from whom he passed to Kunisch of Brunswick, then to Maucourt, then to Ferdinand Eck, who at once convinced his pupil that he was without a bow-hand, and unable to play three bars with respectability. The pupil next hears Rode, and makes him his model, practising his compositions, and adopting all he could see of his "captivating style of playing." From this time Spohr taught himself. As a composer, Spohr must be called self-taught. When a boy he received some lessons in counterpoint from Hartung of Brunswick, but the old man becoming an invalid, the lessons were brought to a close. "These," says Spohr, "were the only lessons in theory that I ever had." Fortunately, there was no doctor Rinck, to turn him into vinegar, no Schnyder von Wartensee to teach him how to write the ugliest music the world has ever seen, no Dr. Marx to prove that everything was

wrong, and there was no rule for right. At Hamburg, our hero falls in love with a Fräulein Lutgens, but his fever is held in hand by Herr Lutgens's incessant lectures on "the resolution and combination of sounds." He writes a concerto, but confesses he did not understand "how to work a piece." Still his "tutti's" satisfied him, some even surpassing his expectations. "He tried" opera, "but found he was wholly wanting in the practice and experience requisite for that kind of composition," notwithstanding he put his opera "upon par with those of Mozart." He tried "song composition;" in this he failed, and succeeded no better with the instrumental quartet than with the song. In the *adagio* "he worried the motivo to death," and confesses his "scientific interweaving became monotonous." In the second opera, he admits the forms were Mozart, the designs Mozart; but, in no wise appalled, he commences his oratorio. Here he found he was "too deficient in counterpoint and fugue;" so he borrows Marpurg from a pupil, writes "half a dozen fugues according to his instructions," and, the last being "very successful," resumes and completes the oratorio. He then writes mass, but finds he has used "too great an abundance of modulations and difficult chords in succession." As a preparatory to his second oratorio, he again studied "counterpoint and the ecclesiastical style," and now felt convinced "he had found the proper style for that kind of work." Such is Spohr's own account of his musical education. It is plain he made himself what he was by incessant practice, hearing all the best artists, reading all the best scores, and writing daily under all circumstances.

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Spohr worked from a corner of the Mozart-field. He could not, and did not, take in the whole, for he now only a corner. Spohr, therefore, put a limit upon that which was already limited. As *quantity of tone* was his first thought, every voice and instrument was weighed, and put into its best place. *Purity of harmony* was his next thought; and on this he insists greatly throughout his diary. He is for the most part pure; and wrong only where he mistakes his sound, misled by his notation, and the distance he made on his violin. His third point is truth in feeling and expression, which includes his great *forte*, light and shade. His first desire mechanized his phrase, and kept him in a straight jacket. True, the jacket is beautiful, always exquisite in shape, gorgeous in color, but the shape is always the same, the color never varies, and we turn sick gazing upon such harmonical perfection. It is soon seen he has only a corner to move about in; he has some "artful dodges," but then, they are nothing more than art, and the understanding soon grasps "the effect," and ceases to interest itself in the matter. The feeling and expression are charming, but this wears out, and a strong desire arises to move the composer out of his corner, and place him in the centre of the great system.

His school on the Violin has died with him. His school in composition died before him. He had himself exhausted its resources.

The New Chicago Opera House.

PLANS FOR THE OPERATIC SEASON.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

CHICAGO, April 2, 1865.

Our fashionable public are all in a state of decided excitement about the new opera-house and the forthcoming operatic season. The edifice is built entirely by Mr. Crosby, a young man who has suddenly made a magnificent fortune in business, and who devotes a large share of it to the cause of art.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

The new edifice, which is one of the most elegant and commodious opera houses in the world, is situated in Washington Street, midway between Randolph and Madison Streets and State and Dearborn Sts.—the very centre of the fashionable part of the city, and easily accessible by street railways. The style of the exterior is modern French, with dormer windows in the roof, and was designed by Mr. Volk, the well-known sculptor. It is four stories high, and is faced with Athens marble. The centre of the front, for a width of twenty-three feet, projects in a semi-circular form—a feature which also exists in the new theatres of Antwerp and Mayence.

THE ENTRANCE.

The grand entrance is of marble, seventeen feet wide by twenty-five high. The spandrels are elaborately carved and crowned with tasteful medallion cornices, surmounted by a parapet containing pedestals for four statues of the Muses, from the chisel of Mr. Volk.

The lower part of the building will be devoted to music and confectionery stores; and in the second

story there will be accommodations for artists' studios.

THE OPERA-HOUSE.

The auditorium and stage occupy the entire rear of the building, and cover eighty-six feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and sixty feet from parquet to ceiling. Access to the auditorium is gained through the opening in the centre of the front, up a flight of stairs with quaint carvings on either side, then through the corridor or passage above mentioned and three large door-openings. In connection with this corridor are two spacious rooms, with apartments for the toilet and wardrobe of visitors. The means of egress are ample, not only through the doors for ingress, but also through openings prepared specially for that purpose, and leading into State Street.

THE AUDITORIUM.

is eighty-six feet wide by ninety feet in depth, and is divided as follows: First, the orchestra, parquet, and the dress circle on the main floor. Second, the balcony circle, with private boxes in the centre and open sofa seats. Third, the family circle. The orchestra is ten feet wide by thirty-six feet in length. The parquet and parquet dress circle are composed of sofas made of solid black walnut, and a number of orchestra chairs of large dimensions and of unusual elegance and comfort, occupy the front. The balcony circle is marked by its division into fifty-six private boxes near the centre of the house; these are furnished with elegant carpets and chairs. The balcony and family circles are supported by light iron columns with ornamented capitals, whence spring finely carved brackets, supporting the extended balcony. These brackets are carved with grotesque faces and quaint devices of various kinds. The main cornice of the auditorium is supported from the walls by projecting corbels, ornamented with carved mouldings and medallions. The ceiling is panelled with heavy ribs, diverging from the central dome, which is also panelled and ornamented with rich cornices.

THE PROSCENIUM.

The ceiling over the proscenium is formed of a single large panel, on which is frescoed an Aurora, copied from the original fresco of Guido Reni in Rome. On the right and left of it are two other panels frescoed—the one with an ideal representation of Comedy, the other with an idealization of Tragedy. The three frescoes were executed by Schubert. The ribs and panel intersections are wrought with ornamental pendants flowing from the ceiling.

LIGHTING.

The auditorium is lighted with Fink's patent reflectors, which are located in carved panels encircling the base of the central dome, containing altogether three hundred and fifty gas-jets. They are lighted from above, and the illumination is deflected upon the audience below. This system of lighting is far superior to that of any opera-house in the country, since it throws a brilliant yet subdued and mellow radiance upon and throughout the auditorium, with the exception of the galleries, which are illuminated by brackets projecting from the walls. The usual objection preferred against the illumination of large halls is obviated.

VENTILATION.

The plan of ventilation is very extensive and perfect in details. In addition to the windows, there is a large ventilatory shaft upreared from the ground floor, and lifting itself like a vast turret far above the roof. This flue is constructed in connection with the steam and smoke flues. Then there is a large air duct that surmounts the parquet and leads directly to the main shaft, thus forming a lower draft, to be opened at all times. There are other ducts over the gallery circles, and in the dome a skylight twelve feet in diameter.

HEATING AND WATER.

The heating is effected by means of Gould's automatic steam apparatus. In case of alarm from fire, there is also a complete apparatus on the stage, fitted with hose and other appliances, by which jets of water may be immediately directed to any part of the building. In addition to the usual modes of egress there are means of exit from the upper tier to the roof of adjoining buildings. In fact, nothing has been overlooked which can tend to the safety or comfort of the audience.

THE DECORATIONS.

The fresco painting is admirable. Besides the Aurora, there are sunken panels in the ceiling containing portraits of Beethoven, Mozart, Auber, Verdi, Weber, Wagner, Gounod, Gluck, Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Rossini. Messrs. Jerome and Almire are the principal fresco painters engaged on the work. The decorations of the proscenium and its boxes and of the grand entrances are rich in stucco, gilding, carving and statues.

THE SCENIC DEPARTMENT

is composed of a large stock of entirely new scenes painted by Arrigoni, Calyo and Voegtlin. Besides these there are many set pieces, painted to complete the scenery for the extensive *repertoire* of operas to be brought out. Among these scenes are eighteen pieces by Signor Arrigoni as follows: A full set of "tormentors" and drapery borders; tormentor wings, with statues of the Muses and figures emblematic of music and drama, in drapery; the Roman amphitheatre; grand Roman street; modern Roman street; illuminated Gothic palace; illuminated Gothic interior; Pompeian chamber; rustic chamber; chamber of Louis XIV.; Byzantine chamber; glory scene of Faust; royal gardens; village; prison; grand canal at Venice; Moorish interior and Gothic ruins by Moonlight. Signor Calyo, of the New York Academy of Music, has five pieces: view of Paris by moonlight; triumphal arch; encampment; battle field of Alcazar and tower of Lisbon by moonlight. Mons. Voegtlin has six fine landscape scenes: dark wood; mountain scene; cave; landscape; horizon and the garden of Marguerite by moonlight.

THE UPHOLSTERY

designed and executed by Mr. E. H. Akass, is of the best kind, and the decorations are exceedingly costly. The seats, which are two thousand five hundred in number, are covered with blue damask of elaborate pattern, manufactured in Europe expressly for this palace of music, and imparted by A. T. Stewart of New York. The draperies of the proscenium boxes, which are comprised in three tiers on each side of the stage, are of brocatelle velvet, the trimmings and fringes of original design, the lower tier being festooned with gold brocatelle, intermixed with crimson silk velvet lambkin. The second tier is draped with gold velvet, with trimmings to correspond, and the third tier is hung with gold brocatelle, variegated with blue velvet. The three tiers together are all gorgeously decorated with the latest styles of Honiton lace curtains, imported expressly for the purpose, the whole showing a harmony of design and combination of taste unsurpassed by any opera-house in the United States or Europe.

THE STAGE AND MACHINERY

are under the charge of Mr. Wallace Hume, the successful constructor of many stages in this country. Mr. Hume has spared no pains to make this stage the most elegant and perfect in America. In machinery and rigging he has fully attained this end. The stage itself is most beautifully laid and arranged, and the accessories are all of the most convenient description. There are two smaller rooms and one large special room under the care of Mr. A. S. Snell, the property-man. The dressing-rooms are partly on and partly under the stage. There are seventeen in number, furnished with carpets, wardrobes, drawers, marble washstands and all other conveniences. Each of these rooms is ventilated and heated by the same means as the auditorium.

THE ARCHITECT AND DESIGNER.

The main credit for the designing and erection of this grand and useful structure is due to Mr. William Boyington, of Chicago, who has superintended the work in its minutest details, with the exception of the stage work and scenery.

THE BUILDERS.

The mason work has been executed by Messrs. Wallbaum and Baumen, masons and carpenters. The stone-cutting was done by Mr. L. H. Boldweck. Messrs. W. F. Mulligan & Co., had charge of the painting and glazing. Mr. John Hughes was the plumber, and Mr. W. H. Wilmuth superintended the gas fitting.

THE OPERA.

For the above details I am chiefly indebted to the architect of the building. But from another source I am enabled to obtain in advance a copy of the manifesto which Mr. Grau will shortly fulminate through the Chicago papers. It is a magnificent production—an essay in fact on operatic art and the duties which the citizens of Chicago owe to it.

Grau's company is admirable. Carozzi-Zucchi, Moreneti, Massimiliani and Bellini will appear on the opening night in "Trovatore." Kellogg and Lotti will next be heard in "Fra Diavolo;" and the *repertoire* for the twenty nights will also include "Traviata," "Ernani," "Il Ballo," "Rigoletto," "Sciliani Vespers," "Forza del Destino," "Polinto," "Linda," "La Figlia," "Lucia," "Lucrezia," "Don Sebastian," "Norma," "Puritani," "Sonnambula," "Il Barbiere," "Moses in Egypt," "Robert le Diable," "The Huguenots," "Deborah," "Martha," "Don Giovanni," and "Faust." This makes twenty-two operas in all; and how they are all to be given in twenty nights I do not exactly understand; but probably the matinees will make up the difference. During the season

Miss Kellogg will make her first appearance as *Dinorah*, a part hitherto played in this country by only two singers—by Patti in New Orleans, and by Corrieri in New York.

Mr. Grau will charge the same prices of admission as at the New York Opera House.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH, 1865. Since my last, I have had an excellent opportunity to compare the respective merits of the two rival vocal societies of Berlin, the Sternsche Verein and the Sing-Akademie, in two of the finest concerts which this winter has brought us. In point of execution, it would be difficult to give the preference to either; but in quality of material I would award the palm decidedly to the Sternsche Verein, its chorus consisting of far younger and fresher voices than that of the Sing-Akademie, of which it was said ten or fifteen years ago, that sundry of its members had recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their membership. These have naturally since been replaced by younger singers, but a large portion of the performers are rapidly approaching the same honorable period.

The concert of the Sternsche Verein formed, as it were, the culminating point in this year's uncommonly rich array of musical entertainments. With the exception of the first piece, a Requiem for a Child, by Ehler, in which the music partook of the sentimental affectation of the poem by Tiedge, which formed its text, and which, though well executed, was sung as if it went against the grain with the performers, the whole was one uninterrupted enjoyment. The Requiem was followed by Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, which, in its warmth and vigor, and truth of expression, as well as the spirit and good will with which it was sung, afforded the most agreeable contrast to its predecessor. Next followed the *Magnificat* of J. S. Bach, performed for the first time in Berlin, and looked forward to with great impatience by the musical world of this city. Of the existence of this work there was for many years merely a rumor extant, and even its publication in 1811 did not serve to make it more widely known. A few years since it was republished, more correctly, by the Bach Gesellschaft, a society formed for the publication of all the works of the great master. Soon after, Franz, in a most interesting and valuable pamphlet, gave to the world an analysis of this, one of the choicest compositions of Bach. If I am not mistaken, it was first performed in Halle, a year or two ago, under his direction, and has been repeated there this winter. I considered myself most fortunate in being able to hear it here; particularly so after I had listened to it, with constant regret, after every number, and at the close, that it was so short. Unlike many of Bach's works, its beauties are so palpable and seizing, that even the uninitiated must be struck by them at first hearing, and the musical hearer can penetrate at once, in a measure, to the depths of meaning hidden beneath the surface, though a mine of wealth will still be left for him to discover. I wish I could do justice to the work by a description of it; but I feel that this is beyond my power. So I cannot do better than to give you an extract on the subject from the *National Zeitung*, which is noted for its excellent musical criticisms.

"We owe to the Sternsche Verein our first acquaintance with the *Magnificat* of Bach, one of the noblest legacies of his genius, which henceforward, like the two Passions, the Mass in B minor, and the Christmas Oratorio, will undoubtedly take its fixed place in our public musical life; for in depth of substance, as well as power of expression, it will yield the palm to neither one of those creations, and brings before us, in closest frame, the entire artistic personality of its originator. As the fundamental feature of the master's creations, we take the immeasurable fulness, not only

in a spiritual, but also in a material sense, to which we are here again and again called upon to look up admiringly. In the whole, and in detail, in the unfailing strength of the most original invention, as well as in the unbounded power of the moulding and forming, we everywhere discover a mind which holds unlimited sway over the entire world of tones, and which calls forth from every material which it touches, a thousand springs of life.

"The text of the *Magnificat* is taken from the Gospel according to St. Luke. It comprises the words of Mary, in the forty-sixth and subsequent verses of the first chapter. As could not be otherwise expected, its musical treatment and interpretation is carried far beyond the limits of a special *Madonna worship*; it rises to universal significance, embodying the innermost being of all Christian doctrine, sentiment and belief. Indeed, the extent of the outward means would admit of no doubt of this. A five-part chorus, four solo voices, the orchestra, and the organ are called into requisition. Still more convincingly the substance proves that the composer had in view far other things than the mere enthusiastic adoration of the Virgin, whose person is brought forward only in a few arias, especially in that for Soprano: 'Quia respexit humilitatem.' In this, the expression of insinuating mildness, softness, and humility shows that fervent mixture of the realistic and the idealistic, which could only be at the command of the most simple, child-like faith. In the first chorus, 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum,' which is partially repeated at the end of the work, in the adjoined doxology, all Christendom raises its voice to a jubilant song of praise to the Lord. A dazzling brilliancy pervades the whole movement from beginning to end. But it is only in the two choruses, 'Omnis generationes,' and 'Fecit potentiam in brachio suo,' that the master raises us to the entire power and fulness of his tones. The first follows immediately upon the above mentioned aria for Soprano, taking, as it were, the words from Mary's lips. The Virgin disappears behind the structure of the Christian church, suddenly rising in shining glory; the church, which thousands of generations shall make their dwelling place. All peoples and all times here unite in an eternal covenant. Splendid is the repeated recurrence of the theme in the bass (the execution of which deserved the highest praise on this occasion); overwhelming, after the general pause, the renewed outbreak of a jubilee which seemed reluctant to end. In the following chorus, the voices are scattered, on the word 'dispersit,' in single groups, hovering about uncertainly, as it were, until, with the 'superbos,' they are again united to a compact mass. Here, too, a most pregnant effect is produced by the general pause, which is broken by all the voices setting in together upon the tri-chord with the superfluous third. According to the grammatical sense of his Latin text, Bach has understood the 'mente cordis sui' as referring to God, while the original as well as the German (and English) translation: 'in the imagination of their hearts,' brings it in close connection with 'superbos.'

"We must resist the temptation to particularize the treasures which are hidden in every measure of this tone-language. We will merely mention the close of the duet 'Et misericordia,' so admirable in its harmonic effect; the Tenor aria 'Deposuit potentes,' rendered so characteristic by its two opposite motives; the ecstatic Alto-solo, accompanied by two flutes, in which the word 'inanes' stands out most significantly; and finally the chorus, 'Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,' in which the voices roll on like majestic ocean billows. For the choice of this work, as well as its excellent performance, most carefully prepared, even to the smallest details, the Society, as well as its able leader, are entitled to our warmest gratitude. Miles, Strahl and Pressler, and Messrs. Otto and Putsch deserve high credit for their rendering of the solo parts. The place of the organ was supplied by a

comprehensive Harmonium, the best of its kind. As is well-known, most of the compositions of Bach need, on many accounts, to be specially prepared for public performance. According to our text book, Franz, Ulrich and Stern, have undertaken this work for the *Magnificat*. The piano score by Ulrich proved a valuable guide to us. In conclusion, we would proffer an urgent request for the speedy repetition of a work which, through its comprehensive brevity, as well as the clearness and transparency with which it comes to meet the musical understanding, is, before all others, highly adapted to familiarize the public in general with the genius of Bach."

To this I must add that the one drawback to me, in this performance, was the want of an organ, the rather thin Harmonium being by no means a satisfactory substitute. The solo voices were not remarkable, with the exception of the Alto, which was one of the softest, richest, most flexible, and altogether most beautiful voices of its kind I have ever heard. Besides the numbers mentioned in the above notice, there was a fine Bass aria; a most beautiful chorus, merely for 1st and 2d Soprano and Alto voices, in which the melody of the ancient Catholic *Magnificat* or *Benedictus* forms a *Cantus Firmus*, played by Oboes in the accompaniment, around which the voices are twined and woven in exquisite melodic figures; and a *Gloria Patri* chorus, which makes a fit ending to this glorious work. For some reason, a very beautiful aria for 2d Soprano, which immediately succeeds the first chorus in the score, was left out in the performance. All I can say in conclusion is, that ever since I heard the *Magnificat*, I have been longing to hear it again. I have tried to make myself more familiar with it through the piano score, but I find no end yet to the beauties which crowd upon me whenever I hold communion with it, and I can wish my musical friends nothing better than a speedy opportunity to make acquaintance with this, one of the grandest works of one of the grandest masters.

In the concert of the Sternsche Verein, the *Magnificat* was followed by Beethoven's lovely *Fantaisie*, for piano, chorus and orchestra, in which the master assembles around him, in light, cheerful play, as it were, the same tone-spirits who at a later period were to erect the 9th Symphony for him. They are all there awaiting his summons, but each one wears a wreath of blossoms upon his brow. The piano part was admirably performed by Herr Rudolf Willmers.

A week or two later, the Sing-Akademie performed Mendelssohn's *St Paul* at their last concert. This, too, was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. The music must be familiar to most of your readers, so I need not enter into particulars about it. The performance was exceedingly good. Herr Otto, as Stephen, and subsequently as Barnabas, filled both these parts to general satisfaction. His rendering of the death of Stephen was inexpressibly beautiful and touching. Fräulein Decker, with her remarkably pure, clear voice, sang the Soprano part; the Alto was a most peculiar one, more peculiar than beautiful, in my opinion, something like a man's falsetto. Herr Krause undertook the part of St. Paul; he does everything well which he undertakes, whether on the stage or in concerts, but his voice bears unfortunate marks of his being one of the musical veterans of Berlin.

Two Symphony Soirées of the Royal Orchestra have taken place within the last month. They bore the usual stamp of excellence. At the last one, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and one by Taubert were played, as well as the Overtures to *Coriolan* and *Les deux Journées*.

In the Opera, Mlle. Artot continues to appear in her usual parts, as in the *Domino Noir*, *l'Amassadrice*, *Il Barbier*, *Traviata*, *Fille du Régiment*, etc. Lately she has added to these the part of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, but does not please as well as Lucca. The latter I recently heard in the *Huguenots*, and was

surprised at her superb and earnest rendering of the part of Valentine. She had seemed to me much better fitted for light rôles. In a small, childish body, she has a powerful, pure, rich soprano voice. Harriers Wippert, too, sang the part of Marguerite de Valois most brilliantly. The Raoul was Herr Stöckel, tenor from Dessau, who sang and acted well, but whose exterior, as is so often the case with tenors, was by no means that of a hero. Last week, Verdi's *Rigoletto* was brought out in German, with your countryman, Mr. Adams, in the chief tenor part. It seems to have been somewhat of a failure, the German singers, with a few exceptions, not having been able to enter into the spirit of Verdi's characters and music. In my humble opinion this is only to their credit.

Stockhausen is still in debt to his disappointed audience of Jan. 14th. He is announced to sing at the last concert of the "Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde" (date not yet fixed); perhaps he will take the opportunity of his coming to Berlin for that occasion, to redeem his promise. Holy Week will bring us the annual performance of one of Bach's "Passions" by the Singakademie; the Sternsche Verein are practising Beethoven's Grand Mass; two Symphony Soirées are yet wanting to complete the series, and single miscellaneous concerts take place every few days: so that the musical prospects are by no means dull for some time to come. For the present, I close, hoping for such ample material for my next letter, as fortune has yielded me for this one.

M.

NEWHAVEN, March 29.—The musical season (?) here is not, as usual, to terminate with the winter, falling into the "sear and yellow leaf" at the first approach of spring—on the contrary, it appears to have just begun. We have had, during the winter, the usual oratorio and one or two virtuoso concerts; but now is announced a series of four concerts, ("grand," of course,) under the auspices of the Young Men's Institute. The array of talent thus brought to bear upon the public is quite formidable, comprising, among others, the names of Camilla Urso, Mlle. de Katow, Miss Kellogg, Madame Varian, and Messrs. Hoffmann, Mollenhauer and Wehli.

The first concert of the series took place in Music Hall, March 23d, Max Strakosch's two "foreign importations" presiding. The programme is hardly worth mentioning—suffice to say it, that the compositions of Mr. Wehli figured prominently upon the list, and that these, in our opinion, have not even the doubtful merit of being good show-pieces. We must not, however, forget to mention one piece by Chopin, (Grand Duo Concertante in C), a selection in which Mr. Wehli showed much tact, abounding as it does with technical difficulties.

Mr. Wehli's faculty of execution is undoubtedly wonderful, but such exhibitions as his left handed fantasy seem to us mere jugglery—suggestive of the mountebank, rather than of the artist. We do not assert that Mr. Wehli is a purely mechanical pianist, of the line and plummet order, nor will we deny that he plays with much delicacy and grace; but there is a distinction between poetry and mere "expression;" his performances are finished, elegant and, therefore, to those who find in these qualities all that the soul can desire, satisfactory; but to the few who have their idealistic notions of the "unspeakable, unimaginable best," and who believe that "Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues," they are the reverse.

We were charmed by the playing and appearance of Mlle. de Katow; she rendered the Duo Concertante with good effect, and a lovely Chopin-like ballad (encore) delightfully.

We are pleased by this endeavor, on the part of the Institute, to secure the services of the best marketable talent—particularly as New Haven has not,

hitherto, sustained a musical reputation in keeping with her size and social standing.

A. A. C.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15.—To chronicle the musical doings and undoings of "our place" (which, like every other, has its famous soprano, tenor, basso, as well as pianists, organists, fiddlers, flutists, Gideon's ram's-horn-brass-hands, &c.), is a task of superlative felicity; the more, that one is so certain that sensible people (such as all the readers of "Dwight" are supposed to be), having been treated, *ad nauseam*, to such reading in times past, have put themselves under a vow to forever eschew it in the future. But from what has fallen under my observation thus far here, I think Rochester musicians regard themselves and are regarded as quite human, and will be quite satisfied to be treated humanly by the pen of such a scribbler as the present.

There exists here an institution with chartered privileges called the "Rochester Academy of Music and Art." Mr. J. S. Black is Musical Director, and Mr. S. N. Penfield, Pianist. The number of members is about seventy-five. They occupy a Hall in a Savings Bank building, rent free. Imagine the wall at the platform end of Chickering's Hall to be semi-circular, with amphitheatrical seats for one hundred performers, and you have an idea of this.

In February a Concert was given by the Academy in Corinthian Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Black. The vocal portions of the programme consisted of the four-choir hymn in "David," a patriotic song and chorus by Blessner: Quartet and chorus from *Sonnambula*; a Von Weber chorus with Violin (Blessner) obligato; the *Chi mi frena* Sextet in *Lucia*, and the Hallelujah Chorus. A very good looking man tried to sing a song from *Trovatore*. But as a man is not to be condemned for not doing things to him impossible, I will only recommend that the next time he appears it be in something from the "Barber of Seville;" his profession being the tonsorial one, he may succeed better than this time.

The Orpheus club (eight gentlemen) sang "The spring is coming" and the *Faust* Soldier's chorus, which last needed not the farcical prelude of marching in to the sound of a couple of fiddles and trumpets, a flute and contra-bass.

Mr. O. S. Adams (pupil of Mills) and Mr. I. M. Tracy played piano-forte solos. The latter gentleman, being a Leipsic graduate, upon a natural supposition should have selected otherwise than from Herz. The Wedding March (A Wedding March, as one of the papers had it) was performed upon five pianos, by Messrs. Tracy, Penfield, Kulbfeisch, Wilkin and Fenn. Mr. Blessner (now at Canandaigua) performed some original "Variations Fantastiques" for the Violin, Mrs. B. accompanying. He gained an enthusiastic encore from the crowded auditory.

Gottschalk was here two nights last month, farewelling: (as usual) the first time at one dollar, the second, fifty cents, *per capita*.

Yesterday evening the Academy commenced a series of monthly soirees at their Hall. Choruses from *Messiah*, "Creation" and "David" were sung, besides various lesser selections. Mr. Rhoades, an amateur Tenor with a *grazia* voice, sang a Rossini air and was encored. Mr. Tracy performed Beethoven's op. 13; also selections from Mendelssohn, Liszt and Herz. He has good technical ability, but says of himself that he is not enough accustomed to public playing to feel at ease before an audience. He is, no doubt, a conscientious instructor.

Mr. Black is devoting himself to private vocal teaching principally, and has charge of the music at the 2d Baptist church. Mr. Penfield is organist at the Central Presbyterian church, by which society he is so highly esteemed, that they furnished their edifice with a six thousand dollar instrument from the Messrs. Hook's establishment. Judging from one or two hearings, he is well worthy to preside at an instrument of such ample resources.

T. E. A.

NEW YORK, April 10.—The concert season is rapidly drawing to a close, and our concert-givers are as rapidly seizing every opportunity to give their farewell entertainments. Gottschalk has left us, after a few *concerts d'adieu*, which were of course highly appreciated and largely attended by his admirers. Accompanied by Signor and Madame Muzio, he proposes making a visit to California, British India, the Mauritius, Polynesia, New Zealand, China, Japan, and who knows where? Let us hope he will find more appreciation in those regions than did Mr. Charles Wehle, the German pianist, whose spirituelle letters from thence were so instructively, interestingly, but by no means (to musical voyageurs) inductively written.

The Italian opera troupe has closed the regular season, but will give an extra performance this week for the benefit of Mr. Maretsch.

The German company is announced to re-appear shortly at the Academy again, but particulars are as yet not fully forthcoming.

Since my last, Mr. Theodore Thomas has given his two final "Symphonie Soirées." In that of Saturday we had as novelties Bach's *Passacaglia*, arranged for orchestra by Esser; a Symphony for Violin and Viola, with accompaniment of Orchestra, by Mozart; and Schumann's overture to the "Bride of Messina." I will refer more fully to these works in my future review of our whole musical season. Mr. Kreissmann's absence, caused by illness, was very much regretted by many who think they hear too little of the celebrated Schumann and Franz songs.

The Philharmonic Society is rehearsing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and the "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale," by Schumann, for their last concert of the Season.

LANCELOT.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1865.

On Variations.

In our allusion to Beethoven's fondness for Variations, speaking of Mr. Dresel's first concert, we were reminded of some excellent remarks by Julius Schäffer, which appeared in the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* in 1860, and from which we are now moved to translate, for the better understanding among many of our readers of what Variations can and should be. He says:

"The Variation form, though cultivated with especial partiality by the masters of musical art, is always terribly abused by bunglers and mere hod-carriers. So much so that we avoid it, when we come across it, or we meet it with distrust; and into such general discredit has it fallen, that even famous theorists and aesthetical writers scarcely recognize its title to a modest place among the legitimate Art forms. Without reason, as it seems to us.

"If we exclude the *bravura* Variations, as not worth considering, the various forms of proper Variation may be divided into three main classes. In the first, which we may appropriately designate as the decorative kind, all the interest lies in the theme. This veils itself as it were, with every variation, under a new dress; but it does not entirely disguise itself thereby; though it changes its gait, bearing and humor, and dissembles its speech in accordance with each mask which it successively assumes, yet it lets its original form shine through clearly all the while, and even presents itself in it again without dissimulation at the close. It is commonly a well-known melody, and its repetition clad in perpetually new charms is the only object of this kind of Variation.

"In the second, which we call the *contrapuntal* kind, the point lies in the form of the Variation itself. The different sorts of artificial counterpoint: Imitation, Canon, Fugue, &c., here form the problem of production. The theme here is only the ground plan, upon which various architectural structures are reared. Without individual form—for this it only gains in the Variation itself—it consists for the most part of a mere series of simply modulating chords (for instance the *Chaconne* of Bach, Beethoven's 'Thirty-two Variations on a Theme in C-minor'); often only of a bass, as in the *Passacaglia* of Bach; and where it does present itself in a distinct melodic form (as in Bach's 30 Variations on an air), it is not the theme itself, but the series of harmonies which serve for a bass to it, that is worked up into variations. This class stands higher than the first, for we no longer have to do, as we did there, with an outward change of dress of the theme, which in its inner character remains unaltered, but with the creation of independent forms upon the ground of given harmonic relations. If there the composer merely studies charming diversification in dress, here his task is to represent the progress from the more simple to the more developed.

"In the third class, the point lies neither in the theme alone, nor in the Variations alone, but in the *psychological* relation between the two. That is the germ, these the developing phases of what goes on within. That the theme here is commonly a sentence or musical proposition invented by the composer himself—an original theme so-called—lies altogether in the nature of the case. The single variations will have to show their connection with the theme, as well as with one another, the latter naturally by the fact that one leads immediately into another (although this is not strictly necessary). Moreover, with their new-born motives, they will also bring with them new laws of development, and so develop into independent art-forms; indeed they will frequently draw into their domain related passages, or *Intermezzis*, not derived directly from the theme, —as in Schumann's Variations for two pianos. While the Variation form in this kind reaches its highest significance, it has at the same time arrived at its extreme limit; it strives to overstep this and pass out into the domain of free Fantasy. Hence it seems not inappropriate to give it the name of *Phantasie-Variations*, just as we say, *Sonata quasi Fantasie*, *Polonaise-Fantaisie*, *Impromptu-Fantaisie*, &c."

The writer (Julius Schäffer) adds, that he first applied the name to his own "Phantasie-Variationen," Op. 2, and then proceeds to illustrate by a more recent example not unknown among our own cultivators of the higher kinds of piano-forte music, and one which deserves to be and will be more widely known. Indeed the above remarks occur in his review and introduction to the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift* of the Op. 1 of A. Saran, the gifted young pupil of Robert Franz, whose few published works thus far (Mr. Dresel and Mr. Leonhard have played them in our Chickering Hall concerts) give finer promise than any piano compositions since Schumann. This too is called "Phantasie-Variationen für Pianoforte," Op. 1. Leipzig, F. Whistling, 1859. (An excellent example, by the way, which it is high time that all music publishers should follow, this of putting the year upon the title page!). This analysis of Saran's work we hope to translate and give in another number; it will make a useful study on the Variation form.

Concerts.

The first half of the month has offered a fair share of good music. Let us take the concerts as they came along. *

April 1. Saturday noon. Great Organ, as usual; this time played by Mr. J. K. Paine, who gave two admirable pieces by Bach: The first was a Variation on the Choral: "In great need I cry to Thee," for full organ, in six-part harmony; two parts of which are played on the pedals;—of course, a rich, impressive work. The other, called *Canzona*, was new to us; a fine example of a strictly wrought Fugue with a long and interesting subject, followed by another Fugue, which is a variation of the first, in condensed form and changed *tempo*. The Sonata in A by Ritter, which is always acceptable, and the lovely Andante from Mendelssohn's sixth Organ Sonata came between the two Bach pieces. The remainder of the programme consisted of three of Mr. Paine's own compositions: his Variations and Fugue on "Old Hundred," which wears well; a "Reverie," showing a poetic use of soft stops with swell; and his brilliant *Fantasia* in F major, which is one of his earlier Berlin efforts. We need not say that the execution of the whole programme was clear, firm, tasteful, masterly.

Saturday Afternoon. OTTO DRESEL'S second Concert; Chickering's Hall filled of course. Programme of the rarest and choicest:

Prelude and Fugue, C sharp minor. J. S. Bach.
Sonata, A major, Op. 101. Beethoven.
Allegretto espressivo. Tempo di Marcia. Adagio quasi
Introduzione. Finale.

Polonaise, F minor. Chopin.
Mazurkas, (G major, Op. 60. A minor, Op. 17. E major, Op. 6.) Chopin.

PART II.

Prelude and Fugue, E minor. Mendelssohn.
Sonata, E major, Op. 109. Beethoven.
Allegretto vivace and Adagio. Presto appassionata.
Thema con Variazioni.

Nocturno, B major, Op. 9. Chopin.
Valse Caprice, after Waltz by F. Schubert. Liszt.

The points of chief importance in each part were the two Sonatas from Beethoven's last period, never before played in public here. Each Sonata was appropriately ushered in by the Prelude and Fugue played before it. That by Bach, in C sharp minor, is not one of the playful, fairy little Fugues such as Mr. Dresel played before. It is one of the deepest and grandest in style and feeling of all those in the Well-tempered Clavichord; the Prelude, deeply musing, full of feeling and of beauty; the Fugue, in five parts, with a grave theme of only four long notes, afterwards enriched by two accessory subjects, and all together wrought up with immense power.

Then came the Sonata in A, with its delicious Allegretto, the subject stealing in like a breath of spring, tender and delicate, in four-part harmony as clear as a violin quartet: just such a mood, tender, loving, happy, and yet restless, full of longing and of sweet hope, as might follow that which sought expression in the Bach fugue. We find nothing more beautiful in all the Sonatas than these two pages of *Allegretto espressivo*; how the feeling swells up into rich chords, which surprise you with a sort of new-born purity, as if they never had been heard before, never profaned by uninspired association, as if they belonged to higher spheres which only the best souls know and in the best moments. Then the March, in F, or rather march-like movement, so rapid, impatient, nervous, the short, fiery phrases shooting and leaping through octave and more than octave intervals with vigorous and jerky movement, the mood of one possessed with a certain divine furor, finely imaginative mood of

passion, in which the manliest strength and the most delicate sentiment unite,—in short such a mood as nothing but just this music can describe—therefore it is idle for us to waste vague words upon it! The Trio of the March, in B flat, is equally interesting.—The short Adagio in A minor is a wonderfully beautiful, serene, deep, pregnant introduction to a return of the first snatches of the opening Allegretto, which fitfully linger and repeat themselves, then sweep impatiently through a series of trills, broken by quick flashes of chords, out of which a vigorous little phrase, eagerly imitated in the other part, develops into the theme of a wonderful finale, full of imitation and echo, bits of fugue and canon, yet also full of charming episode, and revelling in glorious freedom.

Readers of Mendelssohn's Letters will remember his account, in the first volume, of a visit at Milan to the Baroness Ertmann, a lady who had enjoyed Beethoven's friendship in Vienna, and with whom the young Felix spends now a few rich days in talks about Beethoven and in playing over together a great deal of his music. It is to this lady that this Sonata, op. 101, is dedicated. Mr. Dresel's reading of the Sonata was thoroughly well-considered, entering into the spirit of it, and bringing out all its shifting moods with sympathetic, masterly hand. The Chopin Polonaise, and the exquisite string of Mazourkas, formed the best possible relief after it.

Part II opened with Mendelssohn's fiery and impassioned Prelude and Fugue in E minor, the most marked of all his efforts in that kind, which carried the whole audience away with it. And this heralded in the Beethoven Sonata in E major, op. 109, the last but two of the two-and-thirty Sonatas. Its form is exceptional; the proper first movement, that is, the one worked out in Sonata form, is here the middle one, the *Presto appassionata* (in some editions *Prestissimo*), which is in E minor; while the actual first movement is in fact a long *Fantasia*-like introduction, in which a *Vivace* passage alternates with an *Adagio*; the former an airy play of little winged answering phrases; the latter starting in rich, full stream of harmony, and presently dissolving into delicate and spray-like passage work, florid enough for our modern fantasie-virtuosos, but instinct with finest poesy. Then the *Prestissimo*, 6–8, in the most compact and interesting manner, fully developing and exhausting its stock of motives, ends with a broadening, diverging series of chords, springing from a single note in the bass. Then follows one of the loveliest of *Andantes*, sweet, calm, full of heavenly comfort, as a theme for half a dozen wonderful Variations, which may be said to belong equally to the two higher kinds described in Schäffer's classification in a preceding article. There are passages in them which hold the listener in a state of rapt, untroubled bliss; and when at the end, of all, after the thing has worked itself up unconsciously into a tempest of all sorts of difficulties, the sky is suddenly clear, and the theme, clear and peaceful, reappears in its simple, original form and sings itself once through, ending the Sonata, the effect is as lovely as the re-appearance of the green hills and meadows, rainbow-spanned, on the clearing up of a summer rain, when all the world smiles fresh and lovingly at close of day. This was music that went to all hearts.

The familiar *Notturno* of Chopin always lives

again in Dresel's playing. The little Schubert waltzes used by Liszt in this *Caprice* are of the most captivating, and the fantastic wreath he made of them is very exquisite by Mr. Dresel's showing.

Sunday Evening, April 2. Mr. G. E. WHITING at the Great Organ, in whose firm mastery of means and adventurous, often striking combinations of stops we can well believe that we are listening to an expert pupil of Best. This was his programme:

Fantasia Eroica in F minor. Op. 20. F. Kuhmstedt
Larghetto. Op. 108. Mozart
Air, "Cujus Animam." Transcribed. Rossini
Pastorale in F major. J. S. Bach
Two Etudes, in C minor and F major. Martin
[French Organ music of the 17th century.]
Caprice. G. E. Whiting
Selections from a Vesper Service by. Donizetti

Tuesday Evening, April 4. A very interesting Concert by the advanced class of pupils of the PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, under the direction of their teacher, Mr. F. J. CAMPBELL, at the Melodeon. The goodly audience would have been much larger, had our music-lovers known or suspected what excellent results in the musical culture of these sightless pupils have been achieved under their present teacher, who is blind himself. We were attracted also by a peep at the remarkable programme, in which the name of Robert Franz occurred four times, that of Mendelssohn seven times (once in a full Concerto), besides Weber, Hauptmann, &c. This surely indicates a higher direction in musical school education, and of the blind too, than has been common hitherto. We suspect it is without precedent in the history of such institutions.

It also showed the presence of a controlling mind, of higher taste and more earnest purpose than is common in class music-teaching. When Mr. Campbell felt his way to the Grand Piano and sat down and played the G-minor Concerto, through, from memory, in a clear, connected, finished style, one could not but be surprised at the talent shown, and the devoted culture thereof under difficulties; nor could you help exclaiming to yourself: Here is the influence of Dresel manifest in this! If this, through a sightless medium, can be conveyed down through the musical studies of all those blind girls and boys, is it not a fine thing? Giving it all this praise, it still was not in the nature of things that the rendering of the Concerto could be entirely satisfactory. It lacked decided accent, individuality of touch; it was as if done in something like a somnambulistic and dreamy state; all level, nerveless, rather shadowed forth than realized. And this was the case with all the instrumental performances of these blind ones; the same spell was over all. The young lady, Miss BLACK, who played the orchestral accompaniments on a second Grand Piano—a still more remarkable exercise of memory—did it with faultless precision and certainty, the ensemble of the two, from the start, seeming to be instinctive. Other piano pieces were: Wm. Mason's "Silver Spring," by another pupil, Miss AMES, showing fluent, florid execution in a high degree, yet somewhat painfully laborious; a Mendelssohn "Song without Words," very well done; and Weber's "Invitation" by eight hands on two pianos, which seemed a marvellous achievement without eyes; this last piece came out more vividly than the others.

But the real success of the evening and best fruit of the teaching was the singing of the Part-Songs, some of the freshest and finest by Mendelssohn and Franz and Kreutzer. Here the twenty or more mixed voices rang out with pure, well-blended tone, true in pitch, prompt, buoyant, delicate in movement, and no lack of life and expression. It was done with certainty and with a will. We seldom have heard better part-singing. As there could be no time-beating addressed to the eye, the teacher led by pianoforte accompaniment.

Our German "Orpheus" friends also contributed a couple of part songs, in their fine style, Mr. KREISSMANN leading. And Miss HOUSTON sang "Mother, oh! sing me to rest," by Franz, (taken a little too slowly), and Mendelssohn's "Spring is returning," with great acceptance. Miss MARKHAM, also a volunteer, sang another "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn, and "Evening" by Franz, quite sweetly. And a duet; "The winds are up," by Nelson, was sung with spirit and good style by two of the blind pupils, with good voices, Messrs. SMITH and KENDALL.

No one could have heard this concert, without being thankful that Art and culture, prompted by wise philanthropy, can do so much to make good the absence of the priceless sense of sight.

Wednesday, April 5. At noon, Mr. WHITING at the Great Organ: Mendelssohn's Overture for a wind band, in C; Andante from piano-forte Duo, by Dussek; Prelude by Brossig and Fugue by Bach; Air, for Vox Humana; transcriptions from Beethoven's 1st Symphony, and of the "Tell" overture.

Afternoon. Tenth concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION: Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture; a Strauss waltz; Beethoven's 8th Symphony; Mozart's Turkish March, instrumented from a piano sonata; German air by Reissiger; Overture to *Zampa*.

Friday Evening. Return of Mlle. DE KATOW and Mr. WEHLI to the Melodeon, with Miss ADDIE RYAN as vocalist, who sang such nice things as Mozart's *Voi che sapete* and one of Franz's Burns ballads; also with Sig. POUILLICHI, PAOLICCHI, or what not, as before, as a basso singer of the Verdi school. The most novel feature in the bill was Mr. Wehli's definitive setting of his foot—only one foot—upon classical ground; he actually played one movement, the first, of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, putting it at the end of the programme, after all minds were weary with the medley of virtuoso things, and announcing it with the following precious bit of printed information:

This belongs entirely to what is termed the clade school, and, as a composition, ranks foremost in Beethoven's Sonatas. It is full of deep thought—it is energetic and brilliant. It gives great scope to Piano players—Beethoven being well acquainted with that instrument, as he himself was a splendid performer. But the public must not expect any great display of execution, as the reading of this work is the principal consideration. It should be rendered passionate, and the wild character of the subject should be maintained throughout.

Saturday, April 8. At noon, Mrs. FROHOCK played the Great Organ; this the programme:

1. Prelude and Fugue in G. Bach.
2. Andante from 1st Symphony. Beethoven.
3. Fantasia in F minor. Mozart.
4. Jesu, Bone Pastor. Mendelssohn.
5. Wedding March. Rossini.
6. Andante from "William Tell". Rossini.
7. Sonata No. 4. Mendelssohn.

Afternoon. Mr. DRESEL's third concert, of which we have only room now to record the admirable programme, reserving comments till hereafter:

Prelude and Fugue, F minor. Bach.
Sonata, A flat, op. 110. Beethoven.
Allegro moderato. Scherzo. Adagio and Finale.
Fantasia. Chopin.
Etude, C sharp minor. Chopin.
Prelude and Fugue, E minor. Mendelssohn.
Allegro in form of a Canon, op. 56. No. 6. Rob. Schumann.
Sonata Pathétique. Beethoven.
Introduzione. Allegro con brio. Adagio Rondo.
Etude, (Kindermärchen). Moscheles.
Etudes, G flat and E flat. Chopin.

Evening. Second and last KATOW & WEHLI concert. *Senz' Sonata* this time; "Left Hand" foremost. Grand display of sinister dexterity. Here we must stop and resume the thread next time

ST. LOUIS, MO. The Philharmonic Society gave its thirty-third concert—the fifth of this season—on the 23d ult., Mr. Sobolewski conducting, as usual. It opened with Boieldieu's overture to *Jean de Paris*, followed by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" entire—at least the vocal part entire, for the printed bill leaves it doubtful whether the introductory Symphony was played. Immediately upon the grand final chorus of the Cantata came (most remarkable *non sequitur*) a Lisztian piano fantasia from *Belisario*, and this ended the First Part. Part Second offered the first movement of Schubert's great C-major Symphony; a song, or ballad, by Loewe (a composer, by the way, who should be better known among us), called "Die Uhr" (the clock); Weber's "Invitation

to the Waltz," as arranged for orchestra by Berlioz; and Quintet and Finale from 1st act of Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet."

CHICAGO, ILL. To be sure, the grand new opera house, which is to set the keynote for music in the West (to judge from the way they write about it in the newspapers) is to be inaugurated with the *Trovatore* (!); yet there are those who cultivate a more classical and sterling class of music in the "Lake City." Witness the following programme of Mr. Paul Becker's concert given at Smith and Nixon's Hall, on the 16th ult. Mr. Becker, as pianist, was aided by Mr. Lewis, violinist, and an orchestra; and this was the music performed:

1 Overture—Poet and Peasant.....	Suppe.
2 Polonaise—Posthume.....	Chopin.
La Promesse.....	Liszt.
3 Concerto in F minor.....	Chopin.
Larghetto and Finale.	
4 Concerto for the Violin.....	Mendelssohn.
Andante and Finale.	
5 Quartet for four Horns.....	Mendelssohn.
"Hunter's Farewell."	
6 Septet Militaire.....	Hummel.
7 Overture to Egmont.....	Beethoven.

Here is a rare chance to immortalize yourself. Read the call, walk up and take a share in Herr Schubert's grand complimentary immortality gift enterprise, and make yourself a part of "History!" Read:

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JUL. SCHUBERTH.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. A Sacred Concert, under the direction of Messrs. Ensign and Feder, was given here in the First Congregational Church, March 13. Part I included an Overture (by Rossini!) on the organ; Chorus from *St. Paul*: "How lovely are the messengers;" "Hear my prayer," not Mendelssohn's, but an English anthem (duet and chorus) by Kent; song: "Consider the lilies," by Topliff; Selections from *Elijah* (chorus: "Lord, bow thine ear;" Duet, "Zion spreadeth her hand;" tenor rec. and air, "If with all your hearts;" Choral, "Cast thy burden"); "O thou that tellest," from the *Messiah*; and Thanksgiving Anthem from a Mass by Haydn.—Part II opened with Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus played on the organ; followed by Solo and Chorus, "As pants the hart," from Spohr's *Crucifixus*; Air, "O God, have mercy," from *St. Paul*; the angel Trio and Chorus, from *Elijah*; Air, "On mighty pens," from the *Creation*; and Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. The concert seems to have been carefully prepared, and was musically successful. Mr. Ensign's organ solos and accompaniments are mentioned with great admiration by a local paper; as also the choruses singing, and several of the solos, particularly "On mighty pens," by Miss Campbell. Another speaks of "the wonderful voice of Miss Grace Campbell, and the passionate, magnificent singing of Professor Feder."

BANGOR, ME. A circular, signed by Solon Wilder and F. S. Davenport (managers), invites all the singers of the State to unite in a "Grand Choral Festival" at Norombeg Hall, on Tuesday, April 25, at 9 A. M., for the practice of Oratorio music; the festival to last four days; the daily sessions to be devo-

ted to practice of choruses, and three evenings to public concerts, at one of which the "Creation" will be given with three or four hundred voices and "orchestral accompaniment" by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, whom the circular pronounces "the best association of Artists in America." The club will also play at the rehearsals and concerts "choice selections from classical and modern composers." Two of them go doubly armed, with flute and clarinet besides viola; if they could only manage to play both instruments at once, the grand orchestra would consist of seven.

MUSIC IN PARIS. "Spiridion" writes (to the *Evening Gazette*):

There never was so much favor shown to music as at present. To say nothing of the musical cafés (which are now to be found in every portion of Paris) which are making a great deal of money. The proprietor of the Alcazar, where Mlle. Theresa sings, is said to clear some \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year after paying his prima donna \$14,400 a year—for he has increased her salary to this amount of money for the three songs she sings an evening. After she ends her performance here, she goes out to some private mansion and sings. There is quite a passion for her, and every evening, Sundays included, she is said to be promised until the 1st of June. These private performances put another \$14,400 into her pocket. Such is the power of fashion in a great capital where the inhabitants, like Panurge's sheep, follow the leader! To say nothing of these musical cafés, there are now an unusual number of musical societies giving their concerts regularly, and a hundred and seventy concerts are threatened during the concert season which began on Ash-Wednesday. Every Sunday the immense winter circus—the Cirque Napoleon—which contains 4000 seats, is thronged to hear Mons. Pasdeloup's orchestra execute works of great masters. The Jacobi Society gives concerts periodically throughout the winter. It deserves mention for the organization of its quatuor, which is really formed of sixteen musicians, each of the four parts being composed of four musicians with their instruments in unison. In this way "chamber music" may be heard distinctly in a very large concert room. Another quatuor society gives nothing but classical music, being even more strict in its exclusions than the Conservatory Concerts. The Wekerlin Society labors to bring forward the music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and willingly runs still further up the stream of Time. They have recently given scores dated from the crusades and from other mediæval epochs. Their delight, however, is the XVI and XVII centuries whose *airs à valler*, quatuor *brunettes*, *voix de ville*, madrigals, drinking songs, psalms and *noels* they revel in. It is gratifying to hear they meet with satisfactory encouragement. The leader and founder is well known by more than one publication of archaic music, among which we may mention his collection of the songs of the French provinces. He married the daughter of the late Mme. Cinti Damoreau, who has appeared on the scene of her mother's brilliant triumphs, but without the maternal lustre.

And who is Mlle. Theresa? Let the *Tribune*'s correspondent answer:

Town talk runs chiefly in these days on Theresa and her Mémoires, "written by herself," and on the Life of Cæsar, composed by the Emperor. Theresa is a queer girl with a queer alto-soprano-grenadier's voice, who sings broadish songs with bold, broad comic gestures, and has risen within two years from being a favorite with the habitués of a popular café-concert to be the celebrity of the day, and from an annual salary of a few hundred francs to twice an Imperial Senator's income. This winter she has been invited to sing at soirees in the high fashionable world. Next winter, if she be not mean time quite forgotten, you need not be surprised to find her at the Lenten concerts of the Tuilleries. The other night she was the guest of one of the first-class clubs here, the *Circle Impérial*. After she had sung her most latitudinarian pieces with great applause, and earned her 500 francs, she was asked to sit at cards with some of the members, who graciously won for her and let her win—partners and opponents—6,000 francs more. Her memoirs, more or less adorned by a prefixed portrait and autograph dedication to the public, are in their fifth edition. A few days before the death of the Duke de Morny, whose malady was a perfect enigma to the doctors till after the post-mortem examination, it was stated in the newspapers that "Duke de Morny is recovering; he has received Mlle. Theresa." He, too, it is said, wrote biographical memoirs, which are not to be published until ten years after his death.

Special Notices.

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Ela, the Pride of my Heart. Song and Chorus.

F. Wilmarth. 30

Move my arm chair, dearest mother. " 30
Two pretty ballads with chorus, the last patriotic, having for its theme, the re-appearance of "Old Glory" on the Tennessee river.

Smile, and be contented. Ballad. B. Covert. 30
Mr. Covert has here adapted fine music to a ballad with an excellent moral. The singing of the pretty melody will do something toward bringing about that state of smiling contentment, so much recommended by the poet.

Jenny of the Mill. Ballad. A. Leduc. 30
Bear in mind that this is a wind-mill, quite a new thing in the ballad line. The water-mills have already been thoroughly sung. Jenny is a gay young lady, who sings bewitchingly, especially when there is a brisk breeze blowing. Words by Linley. Very pretty melody.

The Poacher's Widow. E. Philip. 50
This song, to which Chas. Kingsley contributes

the poem, is of great power and pathos, and will be effective for public performance.

Sweet vision of childhood. Vocal duet.

S. Glover. 40
A decidedly good duet, which makes a timely appearance, as really "singable" duets are not plenty.

Instrumental.

Morning Bell Galop. J. P. Clarke. 50
Mr. Clarke's compositions unite, in an eminent degree, brilliancy with simplicity. This galop is uncommonly pretty, and has little bursts of singing in it, in the English style.

The Campbells are coming. Brinley Richards. 50
Ingenious variations on the old air, giving it a new life and freshness.

The Partridge. Polka Characteristique. C. Kappitz. 30
This is indeed very "characteristic" and original. It has already been successful as an orchestral piece, and will be, probably, equally taking as arranged for the piano.

Welcome Polka. Robert Hall. 30
Quite brilliant.

How so fair. From "Martha." C. Grobe. Op. 1574. 40
A favorite melody from the opera, varied in Grobe's best style. Capital piece for pupils.

Ave Sanctissima. Evening song to the Virgin. B. Bichards. 60

One of Richard's best. The well-known air itself is of a high order, and the rich harmony of these variations, sets off the canto to advantage. Rather more difficult than the average of his pieces.

Books.

THE EXCELSIOR GLEE BOOK. A collection of the best Glees, Choruses, and Operatic Gems for Mixed Voices. \$1.00

The "Chorus Wreath" has already been introduced to the public, and has been found to be a wise selection, and a good collection, of sterling Choruses and Glees. As many may desire the Glees by themselves, the present book is issued. It contains quite a number of pieces of the highest classical merit, some of them difficult, but many not so. The music will not disappoint you.

MUSIC BY MAIL—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

